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NO FURTHER INCENTIVE.

Opulent Father-in-law: WHAT AILS YOU, GEORGE? SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN MARRIED YOU SEEM TO HAVE LOST ALL YOUR AMBITION.

George: WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, I REACHED THE HEIGHT OF MY AMBITION WHEN I BECAME YOUR SON-IN-LAW.

· LIFE ·

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR

VIENNA = BRONZES.



Our Stock this year in small, as well as useful
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Gray-hound, on Walnut board, - - \$8.25
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Setter, on Walnut board, - - - 7.75
Pug Dogs, for Paper-weights, also with
Pen-cleaners on their backs, each. - 5.00

Donkeys, small, each, - - - \$1.75
Large size, with brush back, - - 6.75
Also, Donkeys with musical instruments, 1.75
and 2.00 each, according to the instrument.

A large variety of Dogs, large and small,
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have completed their preparations for the ap-
proaching holidays, and suggest that an early ex-
amination of their stock will enable purchasers
to secure the choicest selections.

Articles now purchased will be cared for until
the time for delivery.

THE TIFFANY & CO. "BLUE BOOK"

for this season is now ready, and will be sent to
any address on request.



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LARGEST CONCERN IN AMERICA.

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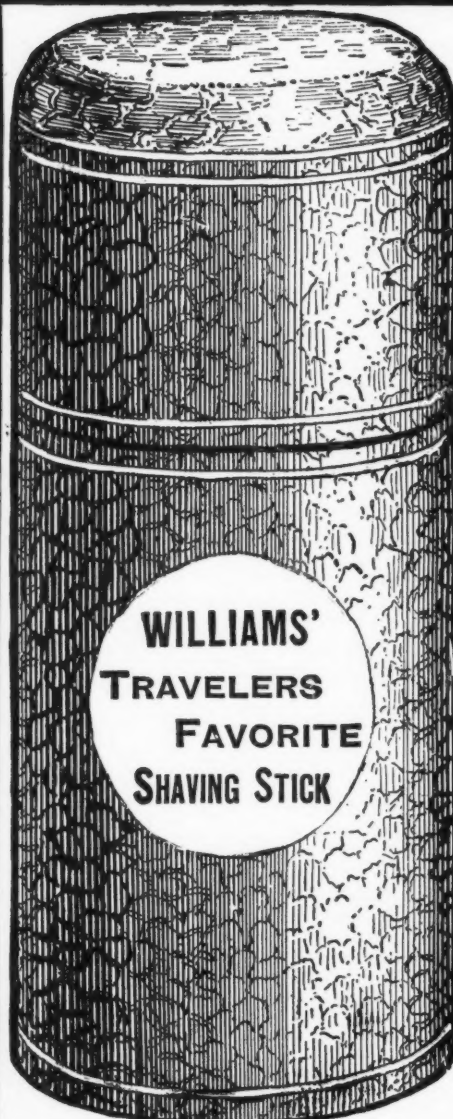
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VOLUME XVIII.

LIFE.

NUMBER 467.



A NEW INVENTION FOR MAKING A HARD HORSE EASY.



THE FIRST KISS.

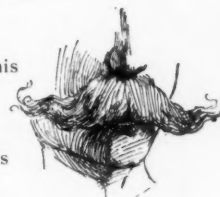
YOUNG Harold kissed his girl last night,
Much to her glad surprise.

His moustache seemed like this
to her :

But this



was
just its
size.



W. J. S.

FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

"NO," said Mr. Askin to the clergyman, "after I read one little item in the newspapers not long ago, I don't think it is possible for you to convince me that there is any efficacy in prayer."

"What was the statement you read?" asked the clergyman.

"It was a computation by Mr. Stead, the well-known London editor, that 800,000,000 prayers, in the course of the services in the Established Church of England, have been offered up for the Prince of Wales. Look at the prince, and then think of 800,000,000 prayers wasted."

"My dear Mr. Askin," rejoined the clergyman, "you look at that matter from a wrong standpoint."

"How so?"

"Instead of doubting the efficacy of prayer, you should wonder what Albert Edward would have been by this time if he had not had the benefit of all those petitions."

THE PRESENT PROBLEM.—What shall I get her for Christmas?



SHOWING HOW BASHFUL DENIS MORIARTY MADE HIS PASSION KNOWN TO THE BUXOM WIDOW CASEY.

(N. B.—He trained and presented the parrot to the widow.)



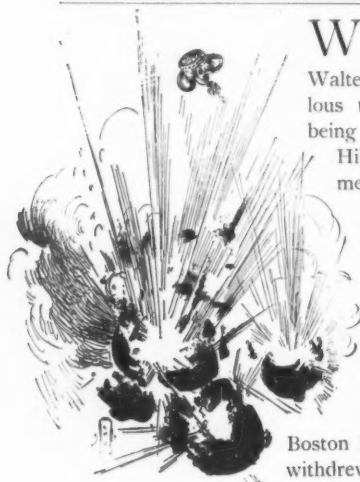
"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XVIII. DECEMBER 10th, 1891. No. 467.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00. Back numbers, one year old, 20 cents per copy. Vols. III. to XVII., inclusive, bound or in flat numbers, at \$5.00 per volume.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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WHAT is this that Boston has been doing about Walter Crane? There is a nebulous tale afloat that that artist, being a temporary resident of the Hill of Beans, was invited to meet the members of some club (the club not mentioned) at dinner, and accepted. But, before the day came, being an English Radical, he found occasion to address a meeting of Socialists or Anarchists, or some such grade of enthusiast, which so distressed the Boston literary club-men that they withdrew their invitation.

It seems to LIFE that that was a mistake. If a man is really an Anarchist, there can hardly be a remedy that is likely to go further toward making him tolerant of existing circumstances than a square meal of victuals in pleasant company. Not to have got such a meal into Mr. Crane when the chance offered, seems a distressful omission, and the more eccentric his political notions are the worse the omission seems.

Isn't it possible that Boston thinks a little too much of her example and not quite enough of her manners? And may it not be, further, that if she paid more attention to manners, her example, gaining in loveliness, would be more worthy of such solicitude as it might get!



MR. HOWELLS isn't quite actual in his latest dissertation in Harper's "Study." He makes out that the only kind of property that doesn't belong absolutely to its owner, is literary proper-

ty. But, as a matter of fact, the owners of patents and the writers of books are on very nearly the same footing. Moreover, what a man writes is his absolutely, as long as he keeps it to himself. If some one steals his manuscript, the law will punish the thief as readily as though he stole silver spoons or diamonds. Copyright, however inadequate it may be, is in the nature of a special protection developed in the progress of civilization for the benefit of men who write. It isn't a new-fangled method of plunder, though you might suppose it was, from reading Mr. Howells's allegory.

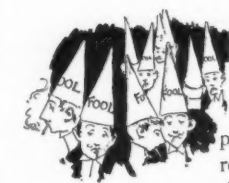
WAS there ever a better example than the late Lord Lytton, of how much better it pays in this world to be a man of talent than a man of genius!



WORD comes that the Bostonian with the greatest record ever made as an usher at weddings, has himself been led to the altar. Thus again we are reminded of what happens to the pitcher that goeth often to the well. To be an indispensable bachelor gives no security to bachelorhood; nor is there safety for the unmarried man except in marriage, and there are some risks even about that.



MR. LOWELLS essay on Richard III has been published, and has gone into the hands of the microscopists to be examined for trichinae. The intention is to ascertain, if possible, what there was about it that was so offensive to Chicago. Perhaps it was a failure to mention the Fat Stock Show.



IF future young gentlemen who come to this town to spend Thanksgiving will kindly put the city back when they get through with it, they will confer a favor upon the police, and greatly oblige permanent residents who have to use the place the next day. There have been a good many things said against New York as a place of residence, but so far its enemies have neglected to use the fact that all the college lads in the United States gather here at Thanksgiving.



He: I AM SURE WE COULD GET ALONG ON YOUR INCOME. I AM NOT A MAN OF EXPENSIVE TASTES.
She: ANY ONE WHO WANTS TO MARRY ME IS A MAN OF VERY EXPENSIVE TASTES.

LOYAL.

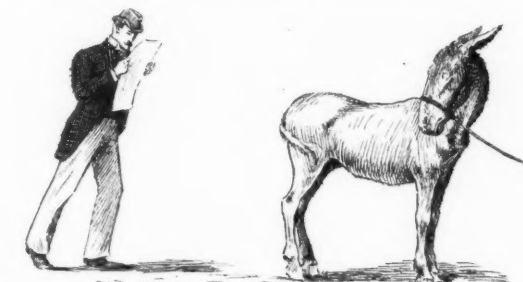
MORRISON: Have you noticed how Stivey Winthrop always wears a glove on his right hand?

JANSON: Ya'as. He met the Prince of Wales, and shook hands with him in London, last Summer. Hasn't washed his hand since. Has to keep it gloved.

OBITUARY.

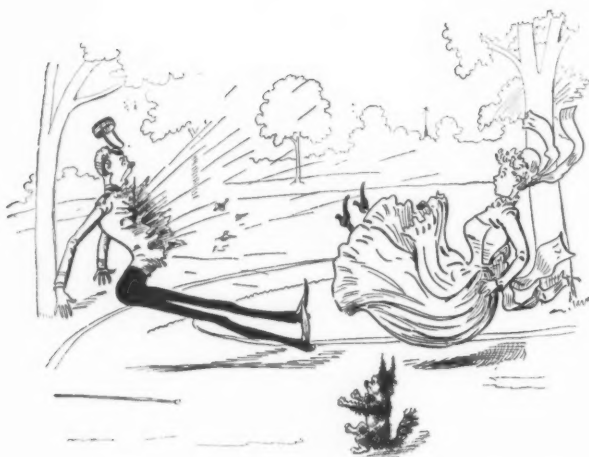
SHE (*reading Herald*): Where is the column of death notices, Tom? I thought the *Herald* always had one.

HE (*taking the paper*): It does; but I suppose you're too stupid to find it. There! (*points triumphantly to list headed "Passed through Hell Gate."*)



"COMING TO A BAD END."

"THE SOLDIER'S MARTIAL BREAST."



BOOKISHNESS

"THE LITTLE MINISTER."

TO have sympathy with human nature, to see through its eccentricities rather than to be offended by them, to be more a man of feeling than a man of taste—these are qualities which will not of themselves make a great writer of fiction, but which are a big part of his equipment. If you add to them the gift of style you can at any rate be sure of an interesting novel. You will find them all in "The Little Minister" (Lovell), by J. M. Barrie. The style is his own, flexible, penetrating, rough but melodious—the product of an early saturation with Burns, the Bible, and Rouse's version of the Psalms. There are in it also touches of contemporary literary godfathers, for you may catch a trace of Stevenson with his "love of lovely words" in Barrie's choice of names like Windyghoul and Glen Quharity; and from no other man than George Meredith could he have learned the art of mingling an intense emotional crisis with what is unusual and uncanny in nature—like the great rain-storm through which the culmination of this story moves. You are made to see the Windyghoul and the Glen through the emotions of the actors in the drama, and not as an artist sees a landscape, with an eye for color and detail and composition.

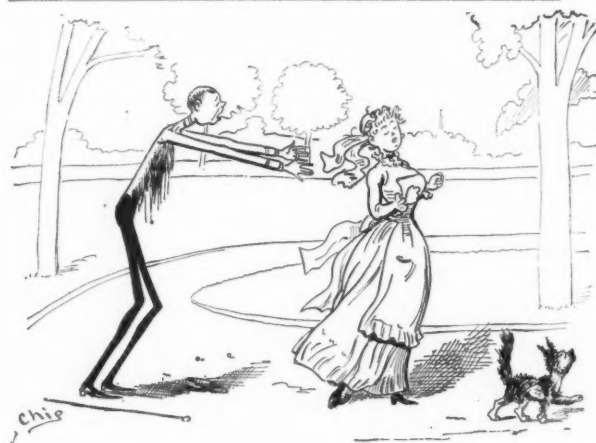
* * *

IN the way of character also you catch a hint of Meredith's methods; you inevitably think of *Kiomi*, the gypsy girl, in "Harry Richmond," when *The Egyptian* of this story appears. But these things are the faintest echoes—for of all men Barrie is original. His *Tammas Whamond* is a creation who might be admitted to the illustrious company of the great *Mulvaney*—and while *Mulvaney* would brag of the time when he was "a sergeant and a devil of a man," *Whamond* would wrap himself up in the "mantle of chief elder o' the Kirk."

It is more in the minor characters than the principals that the quality of the story is shown. You are made to know these people, who come and go without evident reason, as you would know them if you lived in the village of Thrums and saw them every Sabbath in the Auld Licht Kirk. You begin to judge the Little Minister by their standard, and develop a small prejudice against the U. P.'s and the Free Kirk.

* * *

WHAT you will oftenest recall with pleasure is the delicious humor of certain episodes—like *Waster Lunny* frantically searching for the book of Ezra; or piper *Campbell's* mighty wrath when he was ordered by the Earl to play the "Bonny House o' Airlie"—the tune



JOY AMONG THE ANGLO-MANIACS.

CHOLLIE: Aw, this discovery that those scientific fellahs can make it wain when-evah they please is good news faw us. I'll wite to me uncle in Congwess, to see if we can't get an appwopwiation to make it wain ewevy day heah.

DOTTIE: But, old man, you surpwise me. Why do you want it to wain ewevy day? Wain is a howwid baw, you know.

CHOLLIE: Aw—wather, perhaps. But then wain is so English, you know.

ANXIOUS CONTRIBUTOR: Not all the matter in LIFE is humorous. The paragraph about enclosing postage for the return of rejected MSS. is quite serious.



Sympathetic Neighbor: WHAT'S ZE MAT', BARTOLOZZI?

Bart.: MAT? LOOK AT ZE DAMDA MONK', AN' DONTA SPEEK TO ME! HE GOT TO ZE CHIANTI BOT' AN' I HAF TO LOSE TWO, TREE DAYS, WHEN HE WILL BE 'NUFF SOBER FOR ME TO GO OUT WIZ ZE ORG AGAIN!

which the Ogilvy's used to hurl at the clan o' Campbell; or *The Egyptian's* first meeting with the *Little Minister*, and how she outwitted him.

Indeed the book must be judged rather as a series of character sketches (like "The Window in Thrums" and the "Auld Licht Idyls") than as a full-fledged novel. It is a charming piece of work, interesting from first to last, but there is little unity or cumulative effect about it. When all else is so fresh and original one resents the ancient literary machinery of an *Enoch-Arden*-like husband, which is made to play an important part at the end.

Then there is the gentle spirit of *Margaret* which pervades the book—"one whose nature was not complex, but most simple, as if God had told her only to be good."

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA. By Frank R. Stockton. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Tim. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

The Women of the French Salons. By Amelia Gere Mason. New York: The Century Company.

Two Worlds, and Other Poems. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Company.

Lady Jane. By Mrs. C. V. Jamison. New York: The Century Company.

The Squirrel Inn. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: The Century Company.

Marjorie and Her Papa. By Robert Howe Fletcher. New York: The Century Company.

Parnassus by Rail. By Marion Mills Miller, Lit. D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Prince Dusty. By Kirk Munroe. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Victorien Sardou and Thermidor. By Blanche Roosevelt. New York: F. T. Low.

A Marvellous Coincidence. By Kinahan Cornwallis. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

The Social Revolution. By Henry Martel, M.D. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

Lost Lenore. By Captain Mayne Reid. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

"TIDDLEDEYWINK TALES," by Mr. John Kendrick

Bangs, is a very clever child's book, so clever, indeed, that adults will enjoy it quite as much as children, and perhaps even more. If it had been written before Mr. Lewis Carroll brought out "Alice in Wonderland," large, hot-house laurels would have rested on Mr. Bangs's brow for the main plan of the work. As it is Mr. Bangs's story suggests Mr. Carroll, and Mr. Bangs will have to be content with praise for the innumerable bright, laughable ideas which it seems almost impossible could be the product of one brain. Mr. Charles Howard Johnson has caught the author's spirit thoroughly, and his illustrations add greatly to the attractiveness of a very attractive little book.

* * *

DURING its recent representation at Daly's Theatre, "The Taming of the Shrew," although in practically the same hands as before, seemed to have gained a new vitality. Both Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew, on whom fell the burden of the work, seemed trying to outdo themselves and each other, with the result that the play, always well acted by Mr. Daly's company, went with more than usual swing and dash.

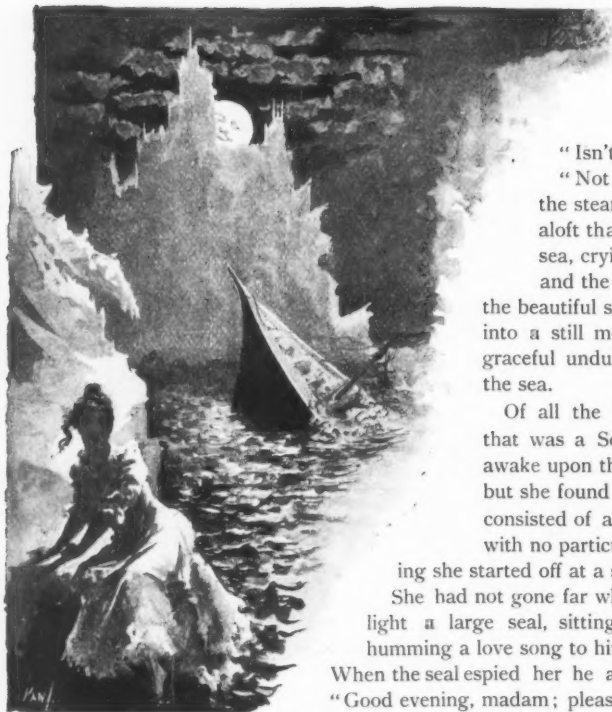
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

"IT'S not the right sort of feeling, perhaps, but at Christmas I like to give just as valuable presents as I receive."

"So do I. My wife is going to give me a hundred dollar dressing gown, and I am going to give her a hundred dollar check to pay for it."

LIFE'S FAIRY TALES.

THE BELLE AND THE SEAL.



"OF ALL THE PASSENGERS
ONLY ONE WAS SAVED."

ONCE upon a time a beautiful steamer was crossing the Atlantic Ocean at such terrifying speed that one of the passengers said, in alarm, to the captain:

"Isn't it dangerous to go so fast?"

"Not for us," said the captain with a knowing wink, as the bow of the steamer crashed through a fishing smack. And he looked merrily aloft that he might not see the fishermen as they struggled about in the sea, crying aloud for help. Every life saved meant so many minutes lost, and the captain was a wise man and knew his business. But that night

the beautiful steamer shot with a resounding crash into a still more beautiful iceberg, and sank with graceful undulations to the deep down bottom of the sea.

Of all the passengers only one was saved, and that was a Society Belle who was thrown half awake upon the glittering ice. She was not hurt, but she found it very chilly, as her only clothing consisted of a single garment, white and cool, but with no particular fit. To keep herself from freezing

she started off at a swift run along the top of the iceberg. She had not gone far when she observed in the bright moonlight a large seal, sitting comfortably upon a block of ice, humming a love song to himself.

When the seal espied her he arose and, bowing gracefully, said, "Good evening, madam; please take my seat."

"Thank you," she said; "but if I do, I shall freeze, as I have nothing on but"—here she blushed and added to herself, "How silly to be embarrassed. He is only a seal."

"But the seal was already fumbling at his throat and began to unbutton his magnificent overcoat. She regarded him in amazement and exclaimed:



"THE ADDITIONAL WARMTH WAS
WELCOME."



IN DAKOTA.

"MY FRIEND, DO YOU EVER THINK ABOUT YOUR FUTURE STATE?"

"FUTURE STATE! GREAT SUFFERIN INJUN! WE BEEN A STATE FER THER LAST FOUR YEARS, AND DON'T YER FERGIT IT! SEE!!



FASTIDIOUS.

New arrival (on the "Island"): OH, I SAY! HORIZONTAL STRIPES WITH MY FIGURE!

"Does it come off?"

"Everything comes off," he answered, "from a baptism to a burial," and gallantly removing it, he threw the heavy garment over her shoulders. The additional warmth was welcome, and although accustomed to fashionable life, and to appearing partially clad in the presence of gentlemen, she felt more at ease than before. After they had sat for a time and conversed upon food and clothes and other fashionable topics, she became despondent, and asked the seal if they could ever leave the iceberg alive.

"That depends entirely upon you," he answered. "If you consent to marry me we shall be rescued at once. Otherwise we perish."

"Marry a seal!" exclaimed the Society Belle, "who ever heard of such a thing?"

"But I am more than a seal. I am a seal with a whole coat of arms and a crest. You behold in me a prince."

"So much the worse," said she. "I should hate to live in poverty."

"I am not the usual prince of commerce. I am wealthy."

"O well, that's different; but what sort of a man are you when you are not a seal?"

"I am a widower," he answered. "I was turned into a seal because I murdered my wife. I am a great club man and very sporty, rather brutal perhaps at times, but that is only when I am sober. And I play *ecarté* like an angel; also *baccarat*. In fact I am just the sort of man the average maiden falls in love with at first sight."

"How interesting!" exclaimed the Society Belle. "I love you already. Take me. I am yours."

And even as she spoke the iceberg began to change its shape, becoming narrower, like the deck of a steamer, and in another moment they found themselves upon a beautiful yacht, steaming rapidly for Europe. The prince, who was a handsome, dissipated looking man, with good features and no expression, stood proudly beside the belle and clasped her to his chest.

They soon reached land, where they were married with great pomp and ceremony, and lived unhappily ever afterwards.

J. A. Mitchell.

IN THE POST OFFICE.

"HERE'S a letter addressed to 'Amsterblank,' to go 'via Rotterblank,'" said the mail clerk.

"Post-marked Boston?"

"Yes."

"Send it to Amsterdam via S. S. Rotterdam."

OFF AND ON.

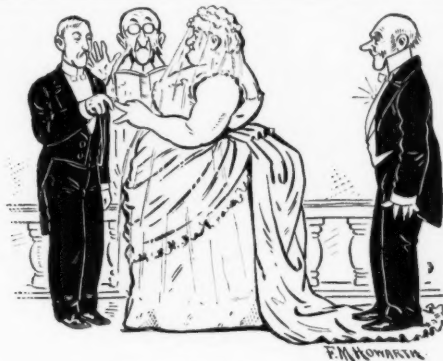
FEATHERSTONE: I tell you, old man, you ought to be in with a girl like Miss Grosgrain. Her father travels a great deal, and while he is away we have a lovely time.

RINGWAY: What do you do when he comes home?

FEATHERSTONE: Then I travel.

HE (*highly obnoxious*): Good evening. You remember me, I hope.

SHE (*with assumed cordiality*): Yes, perfectly. I am not one of those girls who have convenient memories, you know.



A TREMENDOUS GIVE AWAY.



"THEY FOUND THEMSELVES UPON A BEAUTIFUL YACHT."



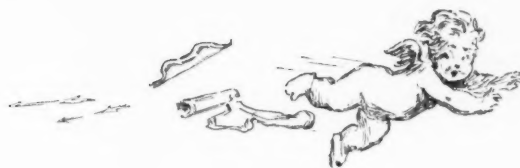
THAT DELICIOUS MOMENT

JUST BEFORE YOU ASK THE UNWARRANTED



DELICIOUS MOMENT

E UNWISDOM FATHER FOR HIS DAUGHTER.





A TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

AN ADVENTURESS.

A VILLAIN.

Scene—The Sixth Chapter of a Novel.

THE ADVENTURESS: Well, we meet rather earlier in this novel than we usually do.

THE VILLAIN: Yes, the runaway horse was caught so soon by that prig of a hero that he only got as far as the fourth chapter, the heroine's nerves were calmed in the fifth, and, therefore, it was a matter of necessity that they should bring us in in the sixth in order to keep up the interest in the book.

THE ADVENTURESS: Oh, that was it, was it. Well, I suppose that I have got to scheme to marry the hero longer than usual this time. Be careful not to upset that cup of poison. I've got to commit suicide with it in the last chapter.

THE VILLAIN: I thought you always committed suicide in the next to the last chapter?

THE ADVENTURESS: I usually do, but the author is determined to be original in this book. By the way, are you going to Monte Carlo this time?

THE VILLAIN: I don't know. It depends on whether the hero is to be wrecked in the Mediterranean, or off the coast of Africa. I do hope it's not the latter, for I detest leading those rebellious Zulu chiefs. I'd much prefer a duel, although to be sure the last time we fought one he shot me through the heart and killed me instantly.

THE ADVENTURESS: O I remember—I stole the compromising papers out of your pocket before they buried you, and kept them worrying a couple of chapters more.

THE VILLAIN: Good for you. By the way, what have you in that cabinet?

THE ADVENTURESS: O those are my wiles. I have to keep them

labelled and arranged alphabetically, or I should never be able to keep track of them.

THE VILLAIN: I have to be almost as careful of my crimes. In fact for a long time, when they began making a minister of me in almost every novel that was published, I had to put them in the safety deposit vaults, or I would have lost them. It was awful. Then I had to preach every Sunday, and at the end of the book had to confess, usually when I was dying from consumption. By the way, I acquired a guilty conscience then.

THE ADVENTURESS: Do you still keep it?

THE VILLAIN: O yes. The contingency may arise when it would be useful.

CALLED BACK.

"I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY OUT WEST?"

"SO I WAS, WILLIE, SO I WAS; BUT I GOT LEFT. THIS IS THE WAY IT HAPPENED. YOU SEE, I SAW AN OPEN FREIGHT CAR ATTACHED TO A SPECIAL, WAITING IN THE YARD, AND IN I GITS. YOU JUST OUGHT TO HAVE SEEN WHAT WAS IN THAT CAR. CHAMPAGNE BY THE DOZEN BASKETS, WHISKIES, BRANDIES, AND EVERY



VERY GREEN EYED.

She: PROCEED, SALVATOR MONAHAN, BUT TAKE HEED LEST YE GO TOO FAR!

He: TOO FAR?—too far? YOU, WHO WERE SEEN LAST NIGHT SITTING ON AN ASH BARREL EATING PEANUTS OUT OF THE SAME BAG WITH AN INTIRE STRANGER, TALK TO ME OF GOIN' TOO FAR. HA! HA! HA!! (Bites himself in the arm and swoons.)



KIND OF STUFF YOU COULD THINK OF. WELL, THEY LOCKED THE CAR WITH ME INSIDE, AND I SAYS TO MESELF, SAYS I, PETER, YOU ARE IN IT THIS TIME, SURE, BUT—EXCUSE THESE TEARS—THEY HADN'T PULLED OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS BEFORE A FELLER COMES IN TO GIT SOME OF THE GOODS, AND OF COURSE GOT ONTO ME IN A MINUTE, AND FIRED ME. WILLIE, I HAD GOT ON TO A SPECIAL OF A U. S. SENATE COMMITTEE GOING TO A FUNERAL.



LIFE'S RESEARCHES IN ROMAN RAILWAYS.

IT APPEARS THAT THE ANCIENT MANIPULATION OF BAGGAGE WAS MUCH LIKE OUR OWN.

THE ADVENTURESS: I may have to borrow it of you, as mine's really getting quite worn.

THE VILLAIN: Well, I've got to run over to Philadelphia, this afternoon, and accuse the hero of forgery. I'll try to see you to-morrow.

THE ADVENTURESS: Do, for I want you to get me a faro outfit for the heroine to discover in my trunk. Good afternoon.

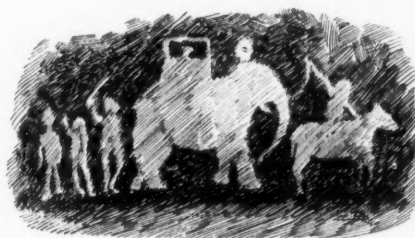
Tom Hall.

ELLEN: Death is a terrible thing, Jane.

JANE: Ah, it is! Think of all our friends coming to our graves, if we were to die to-morrow, and finding that we were born in '58.

PENELOPE: Do you see that handsome fellow by the piano? I rejected him once.

PERDITA: That's nothing. I rejected him twice.



"A GHOST OF A SHOW."



A SIMPLE TALE.

HE wore one night a flannel robe,
Which brought on perspiration,
Which caused the robe to shrink so much
He died from strangulation.

—Clothier and Furnisher.

A CLERGYMAN, not long since, observed a horse-jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson, taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed:

"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach than to see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way."

"Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the jockey.

"In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.—Argonaut.

A MAN while fishing suddenly fell into the water. A fellow fisherman of benevolent aspect promptly helped him out, laid him on his back, and then began to scratch his head in a puzzled manner.

"What's the matter?" asked the bystanders. "Why don't you revive him?"

"There are sixteen rules to revive drowned persons," said the benevolent man, "and I know 'em all; but I can't call to mind which comes first."

At this point the rescued man opened his eyes and said faintly, "Is there anything about giving brandy in the rules?"

"Yes."

"Then never mind the other fifteen."—London Figaro.

THE man who believes most sincerely in the efficacy of prayer is the man who never prays for what he hasn't worked for.—New York Herald.

A TEMPERANCE lecturer once threw upon the screen the micro-organisms in a drop of water, to the astonishment of his audience. Then, on the slide, he put a minute portion of whisky. Instantly it put its quietus on all that swarming life. About to make his point, a voice from the rear shouted out, "I'll never take another drink of water without a drop of whisky in it."—Argonaut.

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